As heaven had lent her all his grace:
with whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To evill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of weight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can juſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large received
The danger of the taske you under-take.

Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of *Iove* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did fit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of praiſes, w
Nothing but curious pleaſures, a
Sorrow were ever rackt, and te
Could never be her milde comp
You gods that made me man, a
That have enflam'd deſire in my
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtial
(Or die in the adventure) be my
As I am ſonne and ſervant to yo
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe ha

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne to g

Anti. Before thee ſtands this fa
With golden fruit, but dangerou
For death like Dragons here affri
Her face like heaven, enticeth th
Her countleſſe glory, which deſe
And which without deſert, becau
Preſumes to reach, all the whole
Yon ſometimes famous Princes li
Drawne by report, adventurous
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongu
That without covering, ſave yo
Here they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in
And with dead cheekes adviſe th
For going on deaths net, whom

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, w
My fraile mortality to know it ſe
And by thoſe fearefull objects to
This body, like to them, to what
For death remembred, ſhould be
Who tels us life's but breath, to t
Ile make my will then, and as ſick
Who know the world, ſee heave
Gripe not at earthly joyes, as erſt
So I bequeathe a happy peace to y
And all good men, as every Prince

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37